

R O M U L U S:

Houdin de la Motte

A

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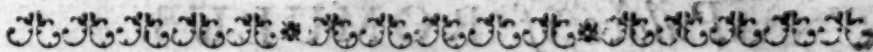
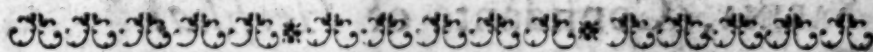
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From the *French* of Monsieur DE LAMOTTE.



By H. JOHNSON.



L O N D O N:

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Dramatis Personæ.

ROMULUS, King of the *Romans*, supposed to be the Son of *Mars*.

TATIUS, King of the *Sabines*.

HERSILIA, Daughter of *Tatius*.

SABINA, Confidante of *Hersilia*.

PROCLUS, a *Roman* Senator.

MURENA, the High-Priest.

TULLUS, a *Roman* Officer.

The CAPTAIN of the GUARDS.

ALBINUS, *Proculus's* Friend.

*The SCENE is at ROME, in the
Palace of ROMULUS.*





R O M U L U S:
A
T R A G E D Y.



A C T I.

SCENE I. *HERSILIA. SABINA.*

Her.  HAT! No Hopes at all for sad *Hersilia*?
Can you believe, *Sabina*, what *Rome* says,
That *Romulus*, despising of my Heart,
And counting it enough to have my Hand,

Is come to this most barbarous Conclusion,
That dragg'd before the Altar, like a Slave,
I must, with Shame, accept of *Hymen's* Bands?

Sab. Yes; I can question it no more; for tir'd
With so much Scorn, at last he is resolv'd,
That Force shall be employ'd to gain his Wish.

You know how his fierce Soul, for Twelve long Months,
 In suppliant Form, with Sighs and Tears has worn
 The Marks of Servitude; has dragg'd the Chains
 Of tyrannizing Love, and bow'd to you.
 But, now, if I durst read within your Heart,
 It little dreads this rigorous Doom of his;
 Its pleas'd already with the menac'd Lot,
 And while it moans aloud, gives silent Thanks.

Her. Heav'ns! What audacious Thought! the Tyrant--

Sab. ——— is

Belov'd by you; I have discern'd the Flame
 Which you attempt to hide in deep Disdain.

Her. Inhuman Wretch! This is by far too much;
 Affront me not, by doubling of my Hate:
 Can you not call to Mind those horrid Games,
 Those publick Sports, to which, by treacherous Arts,
 These Assassins drew in their harmless Neighbours?

Rome saw, within her Walls, our noblest Families;
 The Fathers led the Daughters to the Snare.

Alas! We stood in Admiration at
 The large, the generous Hospitality,
 And the profound Respects, which were a Veil
 Unto their deep-laid lurking Treachery:
 Their sumptuous Feasts, their pompous Sacrifices,
 And all the Throng of holy Ceremonies:
 When on a sudden, all surpriz'd, We saw
 Drawn Swords quite change the Face of Things:
 Horror and Blood succeeds the impious Feast;
 The furious Soldier forces the sad Father
 To leave his Daughter in a Stranger's Hand:
 Victims to Death our first Defenders fall,
 Some, over-power'd by Numbers, yield to Flight,
 And we're abandon'd unto Ravishers.
 Surely, to name this base, unrighteous Deed,
 This impious Act of haughty *Romulus*,
 Shows you, he is the Object of my Hate.

Sab. Yes; I allow you hated him at first.
 These Eyes beheld your passionate Resentment;

And

And when you fell the Victim of his Treason,
 You loud proclaim'd the Names his Crime deserv'd:
 But when, t' his Fury, you beheld; each Day,
 Respectful Love succeed, and awful Fear:
 When, far from forcing you by Tyrant Laws,
 Which, at the Altar, chang'd *us* into *Romans*;
 He bow'd before your Shrine, he threw himself,
 An humble, vanquish'd Suppliant, at your Feet,
 Owning the Conquest yours, with earnest Prayers,
 Demanding of your Heart, the noblest Gift,
 Drowning himself in Floods of gen'rous Tears,
 That flow'd for Anguish of your fix'd Disdain,
 Then---

Her. Well, *then*, did I regard him with another Eye?
 Did I let fall a Word that shew'd me chang'd?
 Han't I maintain'd, with Steddines, my Scorn?
 And always call'd his Outrage by *one* Name?

Sab. True, 'tis with Scorn you always overwhelm him;
 But then your secret Tears belye your Words:
 And while you seem to dread his near Approach,
 Your greatest Torment, from his Absence flows.
 Nought but Reproach he hears, Nought sees but Grief:
 But then with me more calm, and more your self,
 His Valour you extol, and your charm'd Heart,
 An Hundred Times, has own'd him *Mars's* Son.

Her. His Valour I admire, not hate *him* less---

Sab. For Goodness Sake, now spare these useles Cares.
 My watchful Eyes a'n't so to be deceiv'd.
 Full well I knew the Trouble of your Soul,
 When all the *Latins* arm'd themselves against him,
 And he alone, collected in himself,
 Oppos'd a whole Confed'racy of Foes:
 With what Impatience, with what dire Alarms
 Your Soul attended the Successe of's Arms!
 Trembling, you reckon'd up his num'rous Foes.

Her. Ah! Spite of the Honours to his Toils engag'd,
 I hop'd that Heav'n, the Enemy of Perjury,
 Would show itself against such daring Crimes;

And

And, with the Blood of the bold Ravishers,
Have expiated our enormous Injury.

Sab. No! That never was your dearest, sweetest Hope.
You gave no Marks, no Signs of Grief, or Wrath,
Upon the solemn Day that signaliz'd his Glory.
When that the Pomp of Triumph march'd along,
In Token of assured Victory,
And you, from far, beheld the glorious Train,
The Sight appear'd not hateful to your Eyes;
Nor did the Sound of warlike Instruments
Grate horribly offensive on your Ears:
When you beheld the holy Victims crown'd,
The sacred Flowers, the Incense, and the Wine,
Prepar'd in Honour of the God of War:
When, after these, the bloody *Latine* Arms
Born in the Conqueror's Hands, to *our* Disgrace,
March'd slowly on, the Trophies of *their* Glory:
A haughty Air appear'd o'er all their Brows;
And then th' indignant Captives deeply struck
With Shame and Rage, and terrible Despair,
Follow'd the Victor's Charr with down-cast Eyes,
When *Romulus* himself, with Laurels crown'd,
Array'd in Purple, in his Hand a Sceptre,
Elate with his Success, his Heart fore-boding,
That in succeeding Ages, *Rome* should see
The Universe subjected to her Empire.
All this you saw with Calmness on your Brow,
Nor did Reluctance swell your Heart with Rage.
This is to me the certain Proof of Love:
Besides, had what I've said unwelcome been,
You'd soon have stopp'd me in my tedious Story.

Her. Oh Cruelty! How great Surprise is this!
Thou'st lain in Ambush for my melting Soul;
And my weak Heart appear'd through its Disguise,
Heav'ns! How at this Discovery I tremble,
Left to my Conqueror's Eyes I stand confest!
But thy Suspicion shall encrease my Firmness:
In Words of fierce Disdain I'll hide my Heart,

And

And *Romulus*, e'er long, shall dearly pay
My Love to him thus frankly own'd to thee:

Sab. I wonder not, without a Father's Leave,
You gave him no Encouragement to hope:
But why, tormenting him with fierce Disdain,
Under such Rage, should you conceal your Love?

Her. Can you ask *that*, *Sabina*, when you know
What bold Affront He durst assail me with?
Did it not well deserve my deepest Wrath?
And if my Duty me oblig'd to hate,
Tho' for a Moment only, be assur'd,
My Glory will confirm the Sentiment:
And, at the least, I ought, I ought maintain
Th' Appearances of Anger and Revenge
For such an Outrage; which, if once relax'd,
Soon feebler grown *ƒ*--- but it's him I see.

SCENE II. *ROMULUS. HERSILIA.*
SABINA. PROCULUS. ALBINUS
at a Distance.

Rom. Madam, the Son of *Mars*, at your Approach
Trembles, assur'd from you, he Nought shall have
But deep Complaints, and bitterest Reproach.
For a whole Year, I every Day discern
Your Hate encreas'd by my encreasing Love.
I ought to stifle the detested Flame;
But such your baleful Empire o'er my Heart,
It always rages more, and, in Despair,
I dearly cherish that by which I die.
I neither can, nor will forego your Charms,
Hymen so long refus'd to my Requests,
I' th' Temple now prepares his solemn Rites,
Whither I am resolv'd to go, and at
The Altar vow you all a Husband's Love.
Perhaps the Spouse, by Constancy, may gain
That which the tender Lover was refus'd:

Per-

Perhaps more just, more mindful of my Vows,
 You may, in Time, forgive that I resolv'd,
 From your reluctant Hands, to wrest my Bliss:
 And, at the least, I staid till Victory
 Its Suffrage gave unto my Happiness,
 To *You* I ow'd a King with Glory crown'd:
 To *You* a Throne establish'd by Success.
 When therefore now, tho' late, my constant Flame
 Offers, with Transport, this triumphant Hand,
 Shan't a victorious King, true Son of *Mars*,
 Be blest with one soft Glance of your dear Eyes?

Her. *You Mars's Son?* What other Proof have *You*
 Of such high Birth, but Rapine, Violence,
 And every daring Insult upon Right?
 Greedy of Empire, thou hast made thee Subjects
 Worthy who should perform thy bloody Orders:
 Thy Camp th' *Asylum* made of Fugitives,
 Thou form'dst a City out of Vagabonds:
 Thy People, void of Manners, without Laws,
 Makes Treason the first Step of all their Rights.
 The *Latine* Daughters Victims to Perjury
 Constrain'd, submit to Tyrant Marriages:
 But *this* Injustice was too small for *thee*,
 Now thou attempt'st the Daughter of a King;
 And throwing off Respect to Royalty,
 Thy self, in Person, me insult'st with Threats;
 With Threats of marrying me against my Will.
 These are the glorious Marks, O *Romulus*,
 Which dignify thee with a Hero's Name.

Rom. Yes, all Things witness to you my high Blood.
 I've form'd the Courage of this new People;
 These Citizens, by you term'd Robbers, Slaves,
 Already show the World its Conquerors:
 And they have wash'd their Stains in hostile Blood.
 By my successful Arms, these noble Souls
 Rais'd unto generous Views, with Glory fir'd,
 Now only dread base Indolence and Sloth;
 To Victory led by me, they're Heros made.

For,

For these brave Warriors my just Assurance
 Thought I deserv'd th' Alliance of our Neighbours;
 It was demanded Madame, and I had
 For my respects injurious Refusals.
Let 'em say They a new Asylum Ope
For base abandon'd Women, those are Wives
Due to such Husbands: We reveng'd th' Affront.
 How can *You* reproach us; *We* were out-rag'd.
 Besides, consider our Revenge, we forc'd
 Their Daughters to give Birth to Families,
 The most august, the noblest of the World:
 We made them Mothers of a People born
 In the Designe of ruling over Kings.
 But then my Princessesse think how tenderly
 You are distinguish'd from the common Lot.
 My Subjects are already happy: They
 Long since have reap'd the Fruits o'th' Marriage-bed;
 Whilst languishing and almost in Despair,
 Fain would I owe you to my Constancye.
 Mistresse within my Palace you bore Swaye;
 Under your Laws I seem'd to bow, to breathe.
 You know my Passion to Complaint reduc'd,
 Took no Precautions but against your Flight.
 Unto your Wrath I always Pray'r oppos'd
 And should be blest if crown'd with your Consent.

Her. Consent was none of mine; a Father's Right!
 His sacred Anger shou'd been first appeas'd.
 Then that I might forget your harsh Attempts
 You shou'd have showne more Virtue, shed lesse Tears.

Rom. Alas! To please you I have nought forgot.
 The Thing which you command you've seen me do
 An Embassye to *Tatius* I have sent,
 Unheard he has sent it back with his Refusals.
 Insisting that before he'll lend an Ear
 To my Proposals, you be sent to him,
 Insisting that I first restore his Child.
 Now should I goe imprudent to complye?
 Should I replace you in your Father's Hands?

Ne'er let him look for't : I too well discern
 What his Intentions are : perhaps Revenge
 Might prompt him hastilye, and in his Wrath
 To tear you from my Heart, and to bestowe
 You on some favour'd happy neighbouring Prince :
 Then all at once my Hopes torn up and kill'd ;
 Nay then perhaps my Rival here bemoan'd
 Within your Arms would feast on my Credulitye :
 Whilst wretched I torn on a thousand Wracks
 Should feel Despair for having giv'n you up.
 Gods who can bear that most tormenting Thought !
 What Mortal can endure the keen Reflection !
 No ! No ! by Heav'n I ne're will part with you,
 Your Hand without your Heart's but little worth ;
 Yet ev'n that gives Room for some small Hope ;
 That in the Course of Time your Scorn may cease ;
 And tho' unhappy *now*, perhaps one Day
 I may attain the Prize of all my Love.

Her. 'Tis well ! Since thus you brave me with your Love,
 I must e'en own my self your abject Slave,
 And look upon you as the worst of Tyrants.

To *SABINA*.

Come, follow me, I sink under the Weight,
 The heavy Weight of my most killing Griefs :
 But unto thee *Sabina*, I may own
 That in insulting him I suffer most.

SCENE III. ROMULUS. PROCULUS.

ALBINUS at a Distance.

Rom. Proculus, Goe after her ; and calm if possible
 This scornful Rage, still more inflexible,
 The more I trye t' asswage its mighty Force.
 Thy prudent Friendship hitherto has done.
 Kind Offices : Thou hast essay'd to win
 Her Pitye for me, tho' without Successe.
 But now let me intreat thee that thy Zeal
 May animate thy Reasons with new force :

Lend

Lend me the Aid of thy redoubled Care,

Goe, speak, persuade : my Life depends upon it.

Pro. Sire, don't employ these vain these useles Cares.

Triumph, Triumph o'er all this Servile Love.

If I advis'd ought else you were betray'd :

You see she puts her Glory on hating you.

Will you then form this horrible Alliance

In which Revenge and Love must be combin'd.

In which the Princeesse to the Altar dragg'd,

All weeping must receive your plighted Faith,

With horror equal to the Stroke of Death.

Now can these Cares besit the Lord o'th' World?

Must Love possesse a Heart well form'd for War?

Must it's low groveling Cares divert the Course,

The rapid Course of your high Destiny?

Go, Sire, Goe rather finish the Exploits

To which the Oracles pronounc'd Successe :

Goe, see ev'n Kings lye prostrate at your Feet :

Behold their Daughters briguing of your Choice,

And on these Terms alone does it become

The Son of *Mars* to make his Marriage Choice.

Rom. What meanest Thou, *Proculus*? Too well I feel

That so much Love degrades a Heart like mine.

But I can't live without *Herfília*.

I must by speedy Marriage make her mine :

I am resolv'd : This Day I'll use Constraint,

And from her Vertue I'll expect her Love.

We have had Trial : these ravish'd *Sabines*

Groaning at first to see themselves compell'd

When once the Sacred Knot ty'd them to *Us*,

They shar'd our Flame, adopted our Designs,

Tooke us for Husband's, Parents, Countrye, all,

And for our Sakes would sacrifice their Lives.

Of the same Blisse I now maintain the Hope.

She'll love me when her Duty binds to Love.

I'll to the Altar to assure my Conquest.

You haste dispose her for her Marriage.

[Exit *Romulus*.

SCENE

SCENE IV. PROCULUS. ALBINUS.

Pro. Thy Purpose is in vain. I'll die before
This odious Marriage be accomplish'd.

Alb. What's that you say, Sir? Pardon my Surprise
What! Is it *You* oppose the King's Design?
You whom I've seen so prompt to serve his Will
His Friend, the most esteem'd of all the *Romans*!

Pro. Cease then to wonder, and know all my Soul.
The King gives up himself to th' rage of Love.
Thou seest to what Excesse his Passion boils.
I Love *Herfilia* more by far than he.

Alb. Being far from hence I knew not——

Pro. ——Thy Distance

Dear *Albinus* has not chang'd my Esteem,
My Trust in thee is ever more the same.
I was impatient to unfold to thee,
The Projects of my Ambition and my Love.
If I'm ungrateful, I am forc'd to be so.
Friendship subsists no more where Love prevails.
I did not make my Destinye. The King
Himself unthinking threw me into the Snare.
Himself oft prest me to assist his Love,
And haplesly for me enjoyn'd that I
Should see the Princess upon his behalfe.
In seeing her my Heart was deeply struck
With Sentiments I fought, in vain, t' inspire.
I spoke for him, but I inflam'd my self;
And scarce perceiv'd it ere I was undone.
My self I yielded to this fatal Love.
Thence-forward *Romulus* my Rival was.
When lo! His Glorye, Valour, Virtue, Might,
All was displeasing, hateful in my Eyes.
That he deserv'd her Love was my Alarme.
His Ruine I resolv'd: My prudent Hate,
Essay'd the Factions, Humour of *Rome's* Sons.

By artful jealousies I fir'd their Minds
 With secret Rancor, even Senators
 Against their Prince conspir'd: I made them dread
 His over-bearing Tyranny: I nam'd
 His Brother's Blood upon our Walls pour'd out,
 The signal of unbounded Rage: First-fruits
 Of Fury pointed at our guiltlesse Heads.
 They're all inspir'd with unrelenting Wrath:
 The Time seems long ere that their Victim falls:
 After the Blow I'm sure that *Rome's* Esteem
 For me, will place the Sceptre in my Hands.
 Thus by one single Death I go to assure
 My self, both of *Herfilia* and of *Rome*.

Alb. May the Successe of your Designs——

Pro. ——Nay more,

By secret Notice I call *Tatius* in
 His Daughter's treacherous Bondage in this place
 Has long provok'd his Vengeance at th' Insult.
 His Troops, he silently collects; the Night
 With skilful Guides their Steps will hither bend.
 One of the City Gates to him giv'n up,
 Assures the Glorie of his Enterprize.
 His Child he'll take from the bold Ravisher,
 Struck with Astonishment, and give her me.

Alb. But yet if on this very Day the King
 Should seize her for himself, if now he should
 In spite of all your Cares conclude th' Affaire.

Pro. All I've foreseen. The Priest's engag'd by me.
Murena ord'ring all the Auspices,
 Will point against him Heav'n's Artillery,
 And make it thunder in loud Peals of Wrath,
 If *Romulus* persist in his Intent.
 And rather than I'll lose my *Herfilia*.
 The King shall fall, ev'n tho' I fall with him.
 But what wants *Tullus*?

SCENE

SCENE V. PROCULUS. ALBINUS.
TULLUS.

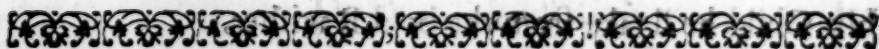
Tullus Rome is surpriz'd my Lord.
I know not what base Wretch serv'd the Enterprize,
But *Tatius* now commands the Field of *Mars*;
Displays his Standards e'en upon our Walls:
One Gate of *Rome* wide open to his Troops
Insures an easy Conquest over us:
And whilst our Men confus'd attempt t' unite.
The King almost alone sustains the Fight.
Come second now our Hero's bravery,
To you the Troops for his Defence will flye.

Pro. Let's loose no Time, let's run, and Succours call;

[*Apart.*

Will my good Fortune make me see him fall !

The End of the First Act.



A C T II.

SCENE I. HERSILIA. SABINA.

Her. GODS! What Event! Princess deplorable,
How can'st thou form thy Vows in such affright!
Tatius in *Rome*; and the inhuman Gods,
Have joyn'd in Battel him and *Romulus*.
Under this double Danger, bends my Mind:
I fear that one or th' other must needs fall.
Doubtless enrag'd they'll seek to meet alone.
Why can't I from this Palace save my self?
Why in the Horrors wherewithal I'm struck,
Can't I expose my Breast unto their Sword?
Can't I restrain their Fury by my Love,

Or

Or else expire my self under their Hands?
 What will become of me! Hurry'd, forlorn;
 I can no longer bear th' Inquietude.

Are they not coming yet? At ev'ry Noise,
 I think they come to tell the Ills, I fear.

My Soul's already struck with th' fatal losse,
 And the dire News sounds in my fearful Ear.

Sab. Indeed they're mighty Ills that do surround you.
 Yet do not plunge your self in mortal Woes.
 Don't under wild Disorders loose your self.

Her. You cannot wonder, seeing I've own'd I love.

Sab. But tho' your Heart be torn with fatal Love,
 Yet sure it might maintain some firmness.

Make of your Flame a noble Sacrifice.

Leave to the Gods to shewe what's just and right;
 Permit your Ravishers to be chastiz'd.

Her. Then thou foretell st my Lover's certain Death,
 Calling to mind his Perjury. Thou would'st
 Prepare my Soul to see his Fate unmov'd.

Thou ev'n seem'st to arm the Gods against him.

What! in thy Eyes, *Sabina*, does he appear

So greatly wicked? Once its true I judg'd

As thou do'st: but Love has taught me better.

I now am skilful to defend his Cause.

Believe me, he's a Hero brave and just,

Who like the God's constrain d i'th' use of Means,

Only permitted Ill for greater Good.

Don't rouse against him all the heav'nly Wrath.

But if *He's* spar'd, what shall *my Father* do?

Tatius forgive, I tremble at the Thought.

And can I stand in doubt when thou'rt concern'd.

Subject to Love's as much as Nature's Law?

I tremble equally for both their Lives.

Unknowing from which Ill I most shall suffer,

Which ever Blow I am struck with, I must die.

Sab. Heav'ns to what high Point his Love affects you!
 I thought I knew the softness of your Soul,
 But never dreamt it went to such Excesse.

Her.

Her. My self, who feel it, am deceiv'd by it.
 One ne'er can know how well one loves until
 Danger or Death hang o'er a lover's Head.
 All Things foretel the Fate of *Romulus*.
 Should he escape the Sword of *Tatius*,
 Yet he's environ'd by Bands of *Traitours*.
 And they command his Life that dare betray:
 They've serv'd my Father; call'd him into *Rome*:
 Thanks to the Gods for what is done for me!
 Yet should I ne'er have wish'd perfidious Subjects
 T'have been my Father's Guides into these Walls.
 I dread for *Romulus* some faithlesse Hand;
 Perhaps ev'n now he falls by a *Roman* Sword.
 For they are arm'd 'gainst him on every side,
 Both those 'gainst whom he fights, and whom defends.
 Treason pursues his Steps into the War;
 And what can Valour 'gainst Assassination?

Sab. Why do you thus regard what Fear foretells?
 Why draw together such dire Images?

Her. Thou seest to what Excesse at length is come,
 This fatal Love of mine so long suppress'd:
 This Love in Anger until now conceal'd;
 And which ev'n from thy Eyes I forc'd t' abscond.
 Since then thou'st torn my secret from my Breast;
 Since I have own'd to thee killing Torment;
 At least permit me to bemoan my Griefs,
 And let me ease my Heart in sad Complaints.
 'Tis the first Time when free in my Alarms,
 My Eyes without Constraint could pour out Tears.
 But, my *Sabina*, fear nought base from me;
 Well do I know what a King's Daughter owes
 To her high Birth, her Rank and Station.
 Thou only hast discern'd the Lovers Weakness;
 In every other Eye I'm nought but Princeesse.
 And tho' Fate be resolv'd to punish me,
 Since I can dye, I may evade its Blows.

Sab. Some Body's coming.

SCENE II. *HERSILIA. SABINA.*
TATIUS, entring with Guards.

Her. Heav'ns ! 'tis my Father ! Where is't I see you ?
 What ! Sire, does *Rome* acknowledge you her Lord ?

Tat. No Child, my Fate deals harshlyer with me.
 Thou seest a Captive, not a Conqueror.
 And must my Daughter see me in this State ?
 So that in her Embrace I find no Joye,
 Save that of sharing Bondage with her,
 And putting on the Chains I came to Break.
 'Gainst Purposes so holy shouldst thou Heav'n
 Have set thy self ; should this have been the Prize
 Of Courage, Shame added unto Outrage ?

Her. Gods ! Then you've made our Miseryes compleat !

Tat. Comfort thy self my Child, suppress thy Tears,
 In spite of all this horrid Disappointment
 We've Nothing lost, our Virtue still remains.
 From that dire Moment in which Treacherye
 Divided thee from Me, and made me mourn
 Thy sad Confinement, I resolv'd *Rome's* Ruine.
 My Tenderesse for thee inspir'd Revenge.
 Long while in Secret I prepar'd the Blowe.
 I made my Fury unto Prudence yield.
This Day I waited, in which *Rome* surpriz'd
 Presented me the Viewe of all I wish'd.
 I made th' Attempt, Successe has fail'd my Hopes :
 But then thou know'st Successe was not my Duty :
 And if our hard Mishaps must still encrease,
 We'll leave the Gods to blush that they have been
 Th' Accomplices of horrid Perjurye.

Her. Under these mighty Woes my Tears will flow.
 My Soul could not expect this strange Reverse
 Of Fortune unforeseen : All things conspir'd
 To place the Victory in your Hands ; how then,
 What Prodigy could rend that Honour from you ?

Tat Never was glorious Enterprize led on
 With more Precautions for assur'd Successe.
 For a long Space I gather'd numerous Troops,
 With silent Care in diff'rent Places form'd,
 Conceal'd in shady Woods, by Day they rest,
 By Night they march secure from Passe to Passe.
 Nor did the *Cohorts* joyne, till that we reach'd
 The City Gates, which were wide open throwne,
 At the first Signal given.

* This Day ought to have been *Rome's* fatal Day.
 And sure if Valour had not quite surpass'd
 The Bounds of Nature, and wrought Miracles,
 With Vict'ry crown'd this Palace had receiv'd me.
 But *Romulus* comes on, drawn by our Cryes,
 Rather enrag'd by Danger than alarm'd.
 He makes his Stand on th' Bridge, defends the Passe;
 A Shower of Darts inspires him with new Ardor.
 Some of our Men with frighted Eyes beheld
 The God of War sustaining him in Fight.
 Within his Reach the bravest soon succumb;
 Nothing can shake him, all before him falls.
 † Thus He Himself alone long while guards *Rome*,
 Affording Time for's Men to come t'his Aid.
 Whom, when he sees, flying to his Defence,
 He darts himself like Lightning on our Ranks.
 My Troops I animated; he press'd on,
 And threw wild Consternation o'er my Men.
 For him alone I fought, for me He fought:
 And flying o'er whole heaps of Blood and Carnage
 We to each other open'd wide the Way.
 W' engage: But my Sword breaking in my Hand
 Yields me defenceless to the *Roman* Power.
 Hold, stop (says he) calm soon your furious Rage
 Soldiers of *Tatius*: His Life depends upon it.
 You *Romans* cease unnecessary Toils;
 He's in my Power: We'll regulate our Rights.

* *C. jour devoit de Rome érie le jour fatal.*

† *Ainsi lui seul de Rome il est long tems l' appin.*

As soon as said the Battel's at an End.
 A *Roman* Guard conducts me to this Palace,
 By *Romulus's* Order. Fate, my Child,
 Has play'd us false: 'Tis now our part
 T'oppose its Rage by virtuous Constancy.
 Let's in the Eyes of this unrighteous Conqueror
 Make Woe it self command a deep Respect.

Her. These Rods and Axes tell the King is nigh.

Tat. How is my Conqueror's sight a Terror to me !

SCENE III. *HERSILIA. SABINA.*
TATIUS. ROMULUS.

Rom. My Lord, I'll not abuse the Victorie gain'd,
 Respect for you, Sir, throws the Glory at your Feet:
 And tho' you're plac'd by Fortune in my Pow'r
 Yet would I rather far be deem'd your Son
 Than be consider'd as your Conqueror.
 I don't so much as ask that *Tatius* tell
 The Names of them whose Treason open'd *Rome*.
 I'll put it in your Pow'r to make *that* Crime
 Subserve the Happinesse of both our States.
 Crown then my ardent Vows with blest Successe,
 And settle Lasting Peace between us both.
 Yea ev'n this long desir'd Blessing, which
 Months past was due to me, which I have fought
 By my Ambassadors, these very Charms
 Which I adore, to which you see me bow,
 Tho' Conqueror, yet suppliant I crave of you.
 She's been detain'd a Year within these Walls,
 But then she never found a haughty Lord.
 'Tis a submissive Lover holds her Captive,
 That will not lose her, yet refrains from Her,
 Who to be happy waiting her Consent,
 Far more regards her Beauty than Her Birth.
 Yet all my Sighs are answer'd with her Hate,
 And of my Love Disdain is the Reward.

Say but one Word, and I no more displease,
My Crime's effac'd, were but her Father gain'd,
Such is her Virtue; and, Sir, your Accord
In giving of her Hand gives me her Heart.

Tat. Thou might'st have spar'd thy self these vain Submissions.

How can you make Demands while I'm in Chains?
If you insist upon a Conqueror's Right,
Why then consult with us? We're in your Pow'r
Nor am I the lesse sensible of Force
For any Shows of Homage paid to me.
In asking of my Daughter thou with-hold'st Her!
Can I decide where I dependant am?
If you're sincere in what you offer now,
Leave me a Monarch's and a Father's Rights:
Let me bestow my Daughter as I will:
Let me refuse or grant Her as I please.
Unto my Subjects both of us restore;
Then in my Camp I may receive thy Pray'r:
There I shall see whether thy Treason may,
By *Hymen's* Rites suppress'd, be quite forgiven.

Rom. Well if my Love, to which I gladly listen,
Deprive me of my Rights of Victorye,
Swear to me that for this most gen'rous Effort,
A solemn Grant shall crown my long wish'd Hopes.

Tat. No, Nothing will I swear. Think not my Fears
Shall e'er accept Engagements by Constraint.
Thou would'st by Oath make *that* a Law to me,
Which should be granted freely like a King.
But to enlarge me on them humble Terms
Were both to give me, and keep back my Pow'r.
And tho' I should with Oaths oblige my self,
Could'st thou that know'st to break 'em trust thereto?

Rom. Ah, Sir, I see too well what I'm to hope!
That sharp Reproach upon me for a Crime
Inevitable! That fierce Disdain too well
Instructs me that I'm hateful in your Eyes!
Then hope for it no more; my Tenderness

Shall

Shall never trust the Princeſſe in your Hands.
 No, I'll not run the Riſque of new Refuſals,
 Nor ſtand the horrid Shock of ſuch a Danger.
 Yet, 'tis not Fear of miſſing my Revenge
 That counſels me thus to prevent th' Offence.
 This you have ſeen already. The God of War
 Affures me Victory ſhall attend my Steps.
 A thouſand Oracles that tell *Jove's* Will;
 My Heart more ſure than their Responses;
All tells me that I am invincible.

We only have to chooſe whom we will conquer.
 High Heav'n has nam'd us to ſubdue the World;
 Eternal Triumph is *Rome's* Deſtinye;
 And in our Enterprizes we're to Count
 Gods for Confederates, for Subjects Kings.

Tat. Hold! hold! What Service to you can it be,
 Thus pompouſly t'unfold theſe Myſteries?
 We alſo have our Gods, our Oracles,
 We are aſſur'd of all that's promis'd You.
 Th' Empire thou claim'ſt is deſtin'd to theſe Hands;
 And if th' Event muſt answer Promiſes,
 Our Laws ſhall reach the Limits of the World.
 Our happier Lot o'er thine may yet prevail,
 And tho' thy Priſ'ner, I dare truſt it's being ſo.

Rom. The Difference of our preſent Fates at leaſt
 Muſt make ſome Difference in our Confidence.
 But let us leave, my Lord, this needleſs Talk,
 I've here one ſingle Intereſt, and no more.
 You ſee how dear your Child is to my Heart:
 I plac'd my Bliffe in gaining Her of you;
 I choſe you Arbiter of all th' Affaire:
 But to be brief; without a gen'rous Grant,
 I'll uſe my Rights; and Maſter of her Charms
 Aſcertain the Reward of long Alarms.
 I'll triumph in her Marriage: And at leaſt
 Her Father's Eyes ſhall be the Witneſſes.

Tat. In vain thou'd'ſt force me to that Spectacle;
 Since ſhe can dye, my Eyes have Nought to fear.

Rom.

Rom. Since she can dye! Dare you pronounce them Words:
A Father, without Horror, can he think it?

Tat. No! without Horror, I don't think the Thought
But against Thee, 'tis the Alone Defence.
And one of her high Birth, one of her Blood,
Must judge of thy Affront as Death's Arrest.

Her. Your Expectation, Sir, shall not be fail'd,
Struck with th' unworthy Force as much as you —

Rom. O you hardhearted stay! stay! you Chill my Blood.
What, rather dye than yield your self to me!
Deplorable Effect of so much Love!
Then in your Sight I am a hateful Monster!
And *Hymen* off 'ring you my Diadem
Is the worst Punishment, the last Disgrace!

To Tatius.

'Tis you that make her more inhuman still;
Her Hate is doubl'd by your stern Contempt.
'Till now she spar'd me this fierce Transport;
'Till now she urg'd me not with Threats of Death;
Nor went her Scorn unto Barbaritye.
'Tis you have turn'd her Anger into Rage.
Well! Tho' I'm Conqueror, I embrace your Knees,
I th' Name o' th' Gods take milder Sentiments:
Don't force a Lover to Despair, who mayn't
Be always able to subdue his Rage,
Such rigid Virtue is Brutalitye.
Take other Counsels from Necessitye.
When that our Happineffe may be your Work,
Will you cause Nought but Rage and black Despair,
Think, of it well, my Lord, I leave you both;
Happy or wretched, All by *you* must be.

SCENE IV. TATIUS. HERSILIA. The
Guards.

Tat. My Child, to stem the Torrent of hard Fate,
I had no other Means but to relye,

Though

Though trembling on thy well resolved Mind.
 But born to make, not follow Laws,
 Cost what it will we'll live and dye like Kings.
 Yes, were I to prove all his Tyrannye;
 Were I in Triumph led a Captive vile;
 That barbarous Pride could never bend my Mind.
 My Soul can suffer, but it cannot sink.

[*The Captain of the Guards, to Tattius.*]

No, Sir, tho' you a Captive seem to be;
 Heav'n leaves you the Disposal of yon Lot.

Tat. How?

The Captain of the Guards.

—— To serve you all the Guards are ready.
 Give the Command, count us for Subjects all.
 This Succour unforeseen is no Surprize.
 Well do you know what Hand provides it for you:
 They who have serv'd you, will for ever serve you.
 Of Life, of Glory, you may be secure.
 Visit again your Camp, prompt to Revenge;
 Goe, carry to 'em Courage and Chearfulnesse.
 Your Child, my Lord, cannot now follow you,
 That's hindr'd by the wakeful Eyes of Love;
 But then, *that* Love defends her from all Danger,
 And let what will present, against the Ravisher
 She'll find Assistance.

Tat. Farewel my Child——

[*To the Guards.*]

Let's goe——

[*The Captain of the Guards, to Hersilia.*]

—— Yea, more I think,

Madame, the Object of your Heart's Dislike,
 The hateful *Romulus*, is nigh his Fate.

Her. What do I hear! a Dying! Heaven support me!

The End of the Second Act.

ACT



ACT III.

SCENE I. ROMULUS. PROCULUS.

Romulus, *holding a Paper.*

NO, far from being disturb'd at the King's Flight,
 I ev'n forbade th' hindring his Escape.
 Let him return to *Cures*, and leave in Peace,
 A Place in which he had inflam'd my Ills.
 Perhaps instructed by Experience,
 Henceforward he'll let goe the Hope of Vengeance;
 And after heark'ning to his Rage in vain,
 He may think best to yield unto Necessitye.
 But *that*, my Friend, which kindles most my Wrath
 Is the strange Confidence of this Treason:
 This unknown Writing put into my Hands,
 Charges my *Romans* with Conspiracye.
 Thou hast thy self perus'd it's dire Contents;
 That in this Place my People's Treacherye
 Will soon break out in Vengeance on my Head.
 How can it be, that rais'd in high Renowne
 By me alone, their base Ingratitude
 Should still refuse the Present of their Hearts!
 That led by me to constant Victorye
 The Traitors should design me this Reward!

Pro. If that we have *some* treacherous Subjects here,
 We've *some* that Heav'n opposes to their Aims.
 We've *some* whose gen'rous Ardor like to mine
 Will prove their Zeal by hazarding their Lives.
 If then you'll trust to my Fidelitye,
 If you'll relye on my sure Gratitude
 Receive from me these gallant faithful Friends.
 The Sight of whom will make the Traitors flye

And

And always waiting on your Steps——

Rom. I thank thee for thy Care, but trust me *Proculus*,
I ought t' out-brave their violent Designs;
I will relye upon my self against them.
And who'ere thought his Hand firm for the Blow;
Would find it shake when it approach'd my Breast.
With one stern Glance I'd disconcert the Wretch,
I'd seize his Sword, and plunge it in his Heart.

Pro. This Resolution brave, this God-like *Mein*
Would not defend you 'gainst a bold Assassin:
Rome may produce such: This People is your Work:
You to their brutal Courage have set Bounds;
For till that *you* to Triumph led them on,
Their Generositye itself was impious:
Their Braverye was cruel and unjust,
Peace, to their former Manners, calls them back;
Vict'ry they look upon as being Law:
To save their Crimes, lead 'em to new Exploits.
Goe banish from their Hearts this Tyrant Love.
From Conquest unto Conquest lead your *Romans*.
Vict'ry be their Employment: far from conspiring,
As *Rome's* best Deitye they'll worship you.

Rom. What! Always in thy Sight my Passion blam'd--

Pro. Of all your Ills *that* is the fatal Source;
For to what Purpose shall w' accuse the *Romans*
If Treasons be continu'd within these Walls.
Accuse none else but fierce *Herfilia*.
By you, for a long Space her Hate inflam'd,
As Sov'reign here Obedience did command;
And to betray you—— you encourage her.
Nor was there any other Recompence
To be expected from a Constancye
Of vain Respects with such Imprudence paid.
Has she not set her Father *Tatius* free?
Might she not have escap't her self? And stays
For Nothing else but to compleat her Treason.
And now who'er conspires —— for her conspires.
For hast'ning her Contrivances 'gainst *you*,

She is the chief of the Conspirators.
Then send her back, my Lord.

Rom. ——— I ought to free my self:
But, *Proculus*, my Love dispels all Fear;
And were her Rage to break out in my Ruine,
Her Hatred I would fear, not fear the Blowe.
Th' Ingrate is instantlye a coming hither.
I've sent her Word that here I'd wait for her.
This deadly Scroll may well alarm her Mind:
If she's confus'd I shall conclude her guilty.
She comes: Withdraw.

SCENE II. *ROMULUS. HERSILIA.*
SABINA.

HERSILIA alone.

—— As yet I must be silent
About this Paper, and above all Things hide
From him the Myfterye of it. Let him ever
Abide in Ignorance that unto me
He owes the Notice ———

Rom. Madame, They have well served your Designs.
The Durance of a Father you bemoan'd;
And doubtlesse his Enlargement is your Work.
Nor will I blame it, since his Safety was
Concern'd, you might betray me without Faithlesness:
But more I wonder, that your self confin'd
I'th' Palace of your Lover, whom you hate,
Far more intent upon my Torment, than
Upon your own Enlargement, you have not
Try'd every Means to get out of my Hands.
Was this too little for the fierce *Hersilia*?
Would Nought else do but to attempt my Life?
And in your cruel Vowes aim'd at my Death,
Would you exceed all you've reproach'd me with?

Her. What is't you accuse me of?

Rom. ——— Read, read Madame.

Her.

Her. I see that you're inform'd of base Designs.
Your Life's attempted. Am I for that to tremble?
Why with this Danger would'st thou trouble me?

[*Apart.*

Unhappy Princess thou'rt too much alarm'd.

Rom. Too well I know *Herfilia* in my Death
Int'rests her self: Her Soul inflexible
Longs to be freed from my most hated Love,
At the Expence ev'n of my vital Blood.
But, Madame, was it becoming a great Mind,
To chuse my Subjects for the fatal Work?
T'employ th' Attractive of your charming Eyes
'Gainst me to arm the Hands of Parricides?
What Need was there t'employ base Treacherye?
Are not *you* always Mistress of my Life?
Pronounce the Doom, I open you my Breast.
Your Hand alone's enough to ruin me.
I can't employ any Defence 'gainst you,
Except this self-same Love that is my Crime.
If fixt for ever in your first Dislike,
You think my Flame deserves but this Reward:
If my deep Sighs, if the most melting Tears;
If Love encreas'd by Troubles and Alarms;
Always respectful even when it rages;
If Love like this cannot atone my Crime,
See here's the Victim strike: I'll not escape,
Behold my Heart: Behold and use my Sword.

[*Offering her his Sword.*

Her. Hold, *Romulus*, it's plain thou know'st me not;
I can contrive no such vile Enterprizes.
Nor should'st thou once have thought a gen'rous Mind
Could aim at the revenging Crimes with Crimes.
Why dost thou charge me? How can I forgive
To be suspected while thou seek'st to please?
That thy low, grov'ling Love can let thee form
Of me, this base, this impious Idea?
No, Romulus, 'tis only in thy Subjects Breasts;
Such black, such treacherous Designs are hatched.

Bred up in Fetters, or in Robberye,
 They serv'd their full Apprenticeship to Treason:
 Trusting thy Destinye to these vile Wretches,
 Thou hast thy self with Assassins surrounded:
 Thou thought'st the Seal of Victorie would warrant
 They breath'd Nought else but Glory and Renown.
 But thou should'st know 'em by these base Attempts;
 As yet the *Romans* are not Heros all.

Rom. Madame, if Subjects only I'm to fear
 The Gods will blast their Treason; and my Lot
 I'll here bemoan. Such black Designs
 All Heaven opposes——

Her. —— Think'st thou Heaven so just?
 Why it has favour'd *thee*, oppress'd *us*.
 Against my Father it has crown'd thy Cause.
 And envying me the Charms of Liberty
 For ever holds me in a Ravisher's Hands.
 By any other Name I cannot call thee.
 Since when thou might'st repair this mortal Injuriye.
 When by one noble Effort thou might'st gain
 Immortal Honour; lo, thou chusest rather
 Both to renew and aggravate th' Offence.
 A Hero thou would'st be: Heros thou vauntest
 Are form'd by thee: And yet thou seem'st a Stranger
 Unto a Hero's generous Character:
 Know'st thou that *this* great Name demands
 A Heart inspir'd with Virtues above Valour;
 Magnanimitye, and a noble Trust?
 Yes, would'st thou with *Tatius* an Alliance:
 T' appease his Anger and my just Disdain,
 Perform a generous Part, and in his Hands
 Replace me: *Thus* wash out thy guilty Stains:
Thus honour Him by waiting for his Pardon.
 Of a true Hero these are the worthy Acts:

Rom. 'Tis true! but you're unknowing of th' Affrights
 That haunt a Lover's Breast:
 I trembled at the Thought of losing You:
 Nor dar'd to risque what I so dearly lov'd.
 I fear'd an angry Father's dire Resentment.

I fear'd

I fear'd a Rival's Pow'r upon your Heart.
 For sure it's not Indifference alone,
 That makes you in such Fierceness persevere.
 It's by some other Love that mine's betray'd:
 You'd hate me lesse, were no one else more lov'd.
 You flie from me some other to pursue.
 Should I my Affection sacrifice to yours,
 My self against my self your Rigour serve,
 Expose my self to see you by a Father's Grant,
 Clasp'd in a Rival's Arms defye my Rage?
 I shudder at the Thought: But sure if once
 This horrid Marriage had condemn'd my Flame
 To absolute remediless Despaire:
 Gods! What a bloody Deluge, what dire Carnage
 Had been the Expiation of my Flame betray'd!
 In my ungovern'd Rage I had sacrific'd
 Whatever's dear to you, Spouse, Parents, all;
 Scarce from your self Respect had me with-held;
 Not to strike *You* I must have struck *my self*.
 At least in dying I had enjoy'd your Grieffs,
 And prais'd my self for Mischiefs done to you.

SCENE III. *HERSILIA. ROMULUS.*
TULLUS.

Tul. Come, come, my Lord, the Time, the Danger
 The sudden Joye of the dismay'd *Sabines* [presses.
 Tells us that *Tatius* at his Camp's arriv'd.
 With threatning Shouts proclaiming his Returne,
 They've rous'd the Courage of your Legions.
Tatius inflam'd with Grief, and furious Rage
 By late Repulses in attacking you,
 With his Resentment tries to inspire, his Men:
 Ready to pour on us their Weapon's Glare,
 And Sword in Hand your Soldiers you require.

Rom. See, Madame, you by Conquest must be gain'd.
 Fate shall pronounce. Vanquish or Die's the Word.

Her.

Her. What! Barbarous Man——

Rom. —— Where Glory calls I run:

'And may one single Day with Vict'ry twice be mark'd.
My Love so strongly prov'd by many Tears,
I'll prove more strongly to you by my Rage.

SCENE IV. *HERSILIA. SABINA.*

Her. Can't think how piteous is my State, *Sabina!*
Shall I for ever have all Ills to fear!
Must Time be mark'd out only by my Frights!
Must I so often die by expected Blows!

Sab. The Violence of your Miseries to assuage
I'm well assur'd my Counsels are too weak.
Under such rude Assaults all I can do
Is to partake your Griefs and mourn with you.

Her. Behold how far do Lovers foolish Ardor
Transport them beyond Bounds: Admire on what
My Thought is fix'd by my prevailing Love.
I'th' midst of mighty Woes just thund'ring on me,
When on this very Day my trembling Heart
Discerns the certain Ruine of my Father,
Or of my Lover: *That* which torments me most
Is the injurious Outrage of this Wretch.
I caus'd the secret Notice to be given him,
Yet with his vile Suspicions he insults me.
Heav'n how I've suffer'd by th' Abuse he's under:
I gave *him* Notice; *he* accuses *me!*
How is my Soul pierc'd with this keen Reproach!
The Horror of it thou can't not conceive.
Hearing his Moans I thought my self severe,
To have so thoroughly conceal'd my Soul,
As that he could suspect I wish'd his Death.
In this my mortal Anguish, I no more
Conceal it: Nay, often was I ready
To betray my self to let my Secret goe.
I was just saying to him that I love,

And saying Nought, *Sabina*, I've done more,
Than if I had giv'n my Heart a mortal Stab.

Sab. Greatly this gen'rous Silence I admir'd!
I look'd not for a Constancy so brave;
For after that Advice which care for him.——

Her. Could I, alas, refuse him this poor Aid?
When they conspire his Death, would have him perish;
And think they make the Sacrifice to *me*!
To *me* they tell the Blow aim'd at his Life,
To *me* they tell it as my chief Felicity.
That seeming Hate to which I forc'd my self;
That endless Blame for my offended Honour;
Drew on against my Will this dire Support:
And I gave Edge to th' Sword lift up 'gainst him.
Ought I, in Danger great like *this*, neglect
That which I dearly love. Oh it had been,
Sabina, it had been with my own Hands
To have committed the Assassination,
It may be that this Day decides my Fate.
If he my vanquish'd Father's Death relate,
I'th' Instant *thou* his wretched Child shall see,
Companion of his Shade, and of his Destinye.
But thou, when I'm no more, I dare foresee it
Softens my Lover's horrible Despaire;
Tell him I lov'd, and that my only Pain
Was, while I ador'd him to be bound to hate.
That I have sav'd my self, by ending Life,
From hearkening to those dangerous Counsels which
Persuasive Love would certainly have urg'd.

Sab. Here's *Tullus* coming.

SCENE V. *HERSILIA. SABINA.*
TULLUS.

Her. What Tidings bring'st thou?

Tul. Such as you cannot hear without Alarm.

Her.

Her. Oh Heavens !

Tul. Already Discord had unfolded
Her horrid Standard between both the Camps;
Already rain'd the Javelins, already dipt
In Blood glar'd terrible their Swords.
But a more hideous Sight soon struck our Eyes.
With troubled Faces; with dishevell'd Hair
The *Roman* Wives all furious run and throw
Themselves between th' embattell'd Armies.
Their Rage intrepid offers to the Sword
Their tender Infants lying on their Breasts.
We are at once *Sabines* and *Romans* too,
Say they, on us asswage your mutual Hates :
Come massacre within our bloody Arms.
You *Sabines*, Nephews; *Romans*, you your Children.
Without regard to th' Names of Child or Wife
From Pity to us cut the Thread of Life.
A Thousand-fold more happy by your Hands
To fall, than see our Fathers murdered
By our Husbands.-----Unto these Clamours soon succeeds
Silence profound. All disavow the War
Of Parricides. Stiff with Horror and Affright,
Lost in Astonishment, our Blows uplift
Remaine suspense i'th' Aire, nor know to fall.

Her. Of both the People then the *Hate's* asswag'd.

Tul. Cease, *Tatius* cries, this Fight unnatural.
These Women make the Arms fall from your Hands.
Already are my Soldiers become *Romans*.
But *Romulus* at least t'his Glorye faithful,
With thee to end the Quarrel will agree.
Not lavishing for us our People's Blood
As Kings we should our selves avenge :
And seeking Victorye pure 'th'out others Aid
They should themselves suffice t'avenge their Wrongs.
Such an Example great fills *Romulus*
With noble Jealousye. And every one
Astonish'd at the Treaty yet admires it.

Friendly

Friendly the People clasp, they melt in Tears;
And give each other Names that them unite.
While the two Kings unto the Altar goe,
There to prescribe themselves the Laws of Combate.

Her. Oh, I am kill'd with this Successe! Record
Unpitying! Is this deadly Treatye
Not to be recall'd? Whom can I addressse?
Whither shall I flye? What shall become of me?

[To Sabina]

Come, let us see, if I must live or Die.

The End of the third Act.



A C T IV.

SCENE I. PROCULUS. MURENA.

An Altar is brought into the Palace.

Pro. **Y**ES, *Romulus* now orders you t'attend him,
And with his Enemy will soon be here:
'Tis at this Altar both the furious Kings
Will consecrate the Horror of their Combate.
Before the Gods, and in their People's Sight
They will declare their Purposes supreme.
Religion's awful Mask they will put on,
And by thy Hands confirm the War's Event:
May't please the Gods, *Murena*, that this Day
May fatal prove unto my hated Rival.
And that i th' Tyrant's Place choosing a King
People and Senate might declare for me.
Happy if with the *Roman* Purple cloth'd,
I could propose the regal Dignitye
Together with my Vows to *Tatius*,

E

Ask

Asking of him the fair *Herfilia*.
 And for my Services I've ground to hope.
 But if that *Tatius* be o'erpow'r'd by him,
 Yet wou'd I not forego my pleasing Hopes.
 My Rival shall not 'scape this vengeful Hand ;
 This Day should end his Honour and his Life.
 Deep in the Grove that's sacred unto *Mars*.
 An Offering I prepare, the Prince presides,
 And, doubtless, will leave me to chuse th' Attendants.
 That very Thing's enough, for be assur'd
 Himself a Victim falls unto my Rage.

Mur. Oh that my Eyes might never see him more !
 Thine 'tis to hearten *them* engag'd with us.
 Let Nought with-hold 'em from the Tyrant's Breast.
 Equal, if that can be, *their* Rage to *Mine*.
 For *Proculus*, thou know'st with what Despaire.
 I see him ready to usurp my Right.
 He thinks his regal Power unlimited :
 The Altar to his Throne he would subject :
 The Miscreant would subordinate *my* Rank
 To *his*, and from a Minister of God's
 Supreme, would make me sink into his Slave.
 But he shall perish ; he shall quickly fall ;
 For while he lives he lives to our Disgrace.
 Yet in the Horror of the Fight e're while
 Could you not have——

Pro.——Oft I could have stabb'd him,
 But I'll own that his amazing Valour
 Made him so awful and so grand,
 Thou wou'd'st have thought him *Mars* the God of War.
 Be't Admiration, Terror, or Remorse,
 The intrepid Hero, in my affrighted Eyes,
 All cover'd with th' immortal *Aegis* seem'd.
 The Blow suspending which will be his Fate
 I for the Time could Nought but him admire.

Mur. Vain Movement of a Heart not Master of it self
 Deserving well to lose the Object of its Love !
 When without Danger thou could'st sacrifice

A Rival, thou slipp'st the Vengeful Moment !
 Oh, when the Heart's set on these high Attempts,
 Each wav'ring Doubt as Weakness should be own'd ;
 Nought for a Moment should defer our Wrath.
 Unshaken Resolution is the Gift
 Of noble Minds, and 'tis this Courage firm
 Alone that hallows ev'n Crimes themselves.

Pro. Excuse, *Murena*, this profound Respect,
 Which Valour strikes into a *Roman* Soul.
 I'll soon repair this Moment of Surprize ;
 Nought shall again defer the Enterprize.
 And my Intention is, a hundred Arms
 Up-lift at once shall strike him — but they come,
 Take thou thy Place ; Hear the two Kings.

SCENE II. *ROMULUS. TATIUS.*
PROCULUS. MURENA.

Company of Romans.

Company of Sabines.

Pro. *Romans* invincible, whose faithful Arms
 Have hitherto aveng'd our common Cause :
 Companions of my Glorie, its firm Support,
 This Day be only Witnesses to it.
 Since that for Peace your loving Wives have us'd
 The tender Names of Husbands and of Fathers,
 You can no more prolong the War : Blest Tyes
 Unite us all but *Tatius* and me.
 This Prince has moan'd the Slavery of his Child,
 And well expects of me t'account for th' Out-rage :
 I'm here to satisfye : Upon this Altar
 Before you I pronounce this solemn Oath.
 My Fate I know. My Father *Mars* reserves
 To me the Glorie of this Combate too.
 But if my high Descent, if Oracles,
 In in-bred Valour all conspire to abuse
 My Hopes with unsuccessful Auguries ;

E 2

If

If Victory tir'd with following at my Heels,
 Change Sides ; and I at last be overcome,
 Strictlye I charge that none Revenge my fall.
 And may the eternal Rigour of the Gods
 Destroy the Enemies of my Conqueror !
 Each *Roman* ought for chief t' acknowledge him ;
 My Blood proclaims him Master when it's shed.
 I should no more deserve to live your King
 When that my Death a worthyer show'd than Me.

[To Murena,

Minister of our Gods, be thou the Witnesse
 Of this most sacred Treaty, thou the Guardian.
 Accomplish if I fall my sovereign Orders :
Tatius proclaim with Incense in thy Hands.

Tat. Can *Romulus*, at once unjust, yet brave,
 To th' Height of Virtue reconcile his Crimes ?
 Can he, by Forwardness to do me Right
 When I should hate him, force me to admire !
 No, generous Enemy, no more I hate thee ;
 I'll have Revenge, Anger I'll have no more.

Sabines I charge you that you leave the Gods
 To be the Umpires of this Combate — Sworn
 Upon their Altars—— For I do confide
Much in *my* Courage, in *their* Justice *more*,
 And tho' from thence I warrant my Successe,
 Yet when I seek so brave an En'my's Death,
 I owe it him, to doubt of my own Lot.
 And if I dye, if so the Gods ordain,
 Heaven justifies, and therefore I absolve,
 Think that what'er this Combate's Issue be
 He'll more have satisfy'd than vanquish'd me,
 That same Allegiance you have sworn to me
 Which greatest Dangers never, never shook ;
 To this great King entire I do transfer,
 As sacred unto *him* as 'twas to *me*,
 Lord of my Subjects, Lord of my Familye
 Conquering the Father let him espouse the Child :
 What signifies whose Blood be poured out !

My

My Injury's atton'd, *his* Crime's effac'd!
 Of my last Orders tell *Hersilia*;
 Subjects persuade the Marriage vow'd by me.
 You High-Priest when you form those Bands
 Own the Consent a dying Father gave.

Rom. Then let us end this generous Fight my Lord;
 Whence Hate is banish'd, *where* Esteem presides;
 This Combate where if my Heart judges right
 The Conqueror will lament the Conquered.

SCENE III. ROMULUS. TATIUS. PRO-
 CULUS. MURENA. HERSILIA.

Compagny of Sabines. Compagny of Romans.

Her. Whither ye cruel ones, whither this Haste!
 What! render Heav'n th' Accomplish'd of your Rage!
 By odious Oaths in vain you think your selves
 Excepted from *that* Peace which binds us all.
 No, no, you never shall by this dire Combate
 Before our Eyes, belye the heav'nly Clemency.
 People—— Whom that same Clemencye has rang'd
 Under her milder Laws, you'll ne'er allow
 The Compact of your Kings to end in Rage.
 Venture your Lives and part them soon asunder.
 Behold not royal Blood profusely spilt;
 Deluge the Ground much rather with your own.
 On all Hands silence soon their fiery Wrath
 By offering your selves unto their Swords.
 That which my Sex's Rashness has perform'd,
 Appeasing both their Fathers and their Husbands;
 Women out-braving Death to save your Lives,
 Sha'n't Subjects dare the same to save their King!
 And what! Have I a Soul more dastardlye!
 Want I Example for my Guide to Dutye!
Their Courage form'd the Union of the Nations;
 The Union of the Kings shall be *my Work*.

Tat. What is thy Hope? What dost pretend to do?
 Think'st thou to interdict the Combate fix'd?
 Fix'd as the Laws of Fate ne'er to be mov'd.
Sabines disarm'd by Daughters all in Tears
 Own'd an Alliance form'd above this Year!
 But what's the Tye that I am to regard?
 He's not thy Husband:——

Her. —— But then I love him.

Rom. Heavens? ——

[*Herfilia to Romulus.*

Interrupt me not.

[*To Tatius.*

—— Sir, his Surprise
 Tells you what Care I us'd to hide my Heart.
 'Till now he Nought has seen but Hate and Wrath;
 Which Pain I ow'd him for th' Insult he gave:
 But when my Honour chose that Way to punish,
 Love well reveng'd the Tears he shed for me.
 His Awe, his Tendernefs, his Courage most,
 Spite of my self within my Soul effac'd
 His Outrage: And in the very Ravisher
 Too well, too much the Hero I discern'd,
 Affected Scorn by bloody Sobbs I atton'd.
 Be not alarm'd, my Lord, at this my Boldnesse;
 How'er I own my fatal hapless Love,
 If my appeased Father don't approve it;
 Ten thousand thousand Times I'd rather dye,
 Than e'er have *Romulus*, tho' thus I love.
 Pleas'd to prevent a Combate over barbarous
 Intent on *that* my Heart declares it self,
 These generous People thus inform'd *I love*
 Can ne'er allow this horrid Sacrifice,
 Where I should ruthles see pierc'd by the Sword,
 The Father by the Lover, or the Lover by
 The Father.—— Oh too cruel Ones—— I see,
 I see asham'd to vent your rising Groans
 Your moved Hearts trye to confirm themselves!
 But I'll not yield—— I am belov'd of both——

And

And with one Word may stay *his* Wrath and *yours*.
 Think, if I mayn't disarm the Rigour of it;
 Think, that *Herfilia* dies i th' Conqueror's Sight;
 And soon will force *you* to detest *your* Glorie,
 By *my own* Blood, the Prize of *that* Successe.
 Think, that when once this impious Combate's fought,
 He'll have no Mistresse, thou no Daughter left.

Rom. Oh let my Transport now unfold it self,
 My Heart cannot contain this killing Joye.
 Just Heaven! What Blisse your Scorn conceal'd from me!
 My self no more I moan: All's easy now:
 Gladlye I'd dye since you approve my Flame:
 And from this Time too weak against a Father,
 Setting small Store by Victory's Renowne,
 I yield to him the Glorie for such Blisse.

Her. Oh! Would he still despising of my Tears
 Defile his Arms with Blood I prize so much!
 Would you refuse Submission to the Laws,
 Heaven by my Voice this Day prescribes to you?
 You quoted Oracles which contradict,
 Has not this Day unveil d the Mystery?
 This long Detail of Honours; vanquish d Worlds;
 To both the Nations promis'd equally:
 Triumphs eternally; these high Destinies,
 Which Time it self shall scarcely terminate:
 This Power destructive of all other Power;
 It plainly tells you (if that Heav'n deceive not)
 You are one People, and that thus the Victorie
 Under one Name your Glorie shall conjoyne.

Rom. For certain you re inspir'd —

Her. See by what wondrous Paths
Wisdom supreme conducts its great Designs!

Sabines, to joyn our Families together

Rome was permitted to ensnare our Daughters:
 Then soon transforming Tyrants into Husbands
 Of Enemyes you were made to be Relations.

[To *Tatius*.

Nay

Nay more 'twas she that forc'd *Herfilia*
 To own this Love by which you're reconcil'd.
 And it is great to yield ones self to her!
 Conclude this Treaty then in Heaven resolv'd.
 That all may be ascertain'd let our * *Cures*
 Unite it self to *Rome*; and from this Time
 By these conjoyned Terms receive your Name:
 Yea, let the Universe with Terror learne
 That you are both one People, and one King.

Rom. What can't Love's sovereign Empire do?
 Unto your Will I readilye subscribe,
 Princeffe, this Power which I so greatly prize,
 Wherein I suffer'd not a Brother's Share,
 No, not a Moment; this self-same Power,
 Which next to you, I think my chiefeft Good,
 I offer to your Father; and with him
 I'll reign: In full Senate let him partake
 My sovereign Pow'r; and let my Subjects bend
 To his Obedience: An hundred Senators
 Unto my *Roman* Senate he shall adde:
 Our common Laws, in common they'll dispense.
 But at this sacred Altar let your Hand
 Tye the firm Knot of lasting Union.
 Proclaim *Two* Kings that are made *One* for you,
 By the All-powerful Names of Spouse and Parent.

[To *Tatius*.]

You see, Great Sir, My charming Princeffe waits
 Your awful Verdict to approve my Love:
 Vouchsafe then to consent that *Hymen* fix
 Decrees pronounced by the Gods themselves.

Tat. Since all conspires the Injurye to repaire.
 The Murmure of Resentment I'll surpresse
 Heav'n has resolv'd: *Romans* let's all become.

* The Name of *Tatius's* Capital City.

Its high Decrees are thoroughly explain'd,
Ready to seal th' Alliance; I consent
My Daughter should begin it at the Altar.

Rom. Thrice happy *Romulus*! Thy wish'd for Bliss
Can't be dear purchas'd with the Half a Throne.

To *HERSILIA*.

Come, Madam, come, and let our Vows —

Mur. Stay, Hold —

Prince dread the Mischiefs your Design portends.
Learn on thy Marriage what Presages dire
Heaven gives consult'd by the Blood of Bulls:
Polluted Entrails, blasted Hearts I saw
Denouncing Funeral Horrors unto thee.

A direful Spectre star'd me in the Face,
Shew'd me the rising *Roman* Name proscrib'd:

Rome all devoted into Wars intestine;

The Enemy triumphing in our Fall.

The rest o'th' Gods are not pleas'd by *Mars*;

And from this ominous Marriage more averse,

With horrid Visions they affright me still.

Oh! reverence the Presages of dire Ills.

Force not the Gods, the Authors of our State,

In Vengeance to repent they *Romans* made.

Tremble; an instant, impious Revolt

Threatens thy Life: The Oracle is sure.

Rom. What! Scare me with imposture Auguries!

I love; I am lov'd; Nothing can stay me.

To *HERSILIA*,

Come.

Her. No, *Romulus*, I will not be compell'd.

Thy Love dares all; mine stands in Fear of all,

If Heav'n has giv'n these Answers, I don't know;

But it's enough for me, they may be true;

This Marriage that was giving me my whole Hopes,

Which to have urg'd my self I do not blush,

When once it arms the Fates against thy Life,

Hateful as Death from thence becomes to me.

ROMULUS to TATIUS.

Rom. Well, let us go, my Lord, without Delay,
 And in full Senate let's compleat our Work.
 Then I my self, after our happy Union,
 Fearless of sacerdotal Lyes and Cheats,
 As Sovereign Augur offering Sacrifice,
 Will get more prosperous Answers from our Gods.
 And if she still with-holds her self from me,
 I still proceed t' address her as a Lover;
 You like a Father and a King bespeak her.

SCENE IV. MURENA. PROCULUS.

Mur. Thou see'st it *Proculus*; 'tis Time he fall.
Pro. He is belov'd! Can'st doubt his Punishment?
 We'll meet our Senators; we'll fix the fatal Time.
 Death may be well encounter'd in th' Attempt.
 Of ruining my hated Rival.

The End of the Fourth Act.



A C T. V.

SCENE I. TATIUS. PROCULUS.
GUARDS.

TATIUS to the GUARDS.

Tat. COME you no farther. Thou, *Proculus*, attend.
 I must impart to thee the Ills I dread.
 Upon one Throne both *Romulus* and I,
 With joint Command, shall rule th' united People.

And

And while he's gone for this auspicious Peace
 To render Thanks to Heav'n at *Mars's* Shrine
 With Senators chose out by thee thy self;
 Offering his first Oblation; I had a mind
 To speak with thee: For fill'd with deep Concern,
 A Moment's Negligence would be a Crime.
 Against a hostile Prince I embrac'd thy Help;
 My grateful Heart preserves the Mem'ry of it:
This faithless Town abandon'd to my Rage,
Retreat into my Camp by thee secur'd;
 For these great Benefits my Honour stands
 The Pledge of thy Reward; and Silence first,
 Silence profound, shall lead the Way thereto.
 But also, *Proculus*, I must be free to say,
 That if thy Succour rose from thy Revenge,
 If thou hat'st *Romulus*, I must demand
 In the Name of that auspicious Tie which binds
 Me unto him, then sacrifice that deadly Hate.
 Think if I see any Remains thereof,
 A wakeful Eye I'll keep o'er all thy Steps,
 One Moment of but doubtful Conduct proves
 Thy Bane: Thus keeping of an equal Hand,
 Thy Kindnesses I'll gratefully reward;
 But unto Crimes sure Vengeance I'll reserve.

Pro. My Lord, you do me Wrong: With you I bless
 These unexpected Ties which join you both:
 No Subject shall in Loyalty out-do me;
 And may th'immortal Wrath of all the Gods
 In vengeful Thunder —

Tat. Let these Oaths alone.

If that they always did command Mens Hearts;
 If as they slide from off the ready Tongue,
 They also influenc'd the inmost Soul,
 Then I'd require 'em of thee: But, alas!
 What Force can they be of? What Influence have?
 Vice breaks through all their Bands: And gen'rous Virtue
 Rather is disgust'd at them: Suffice it,

The Bond of Duty hold both thee and me!
There's the true Oath: All others Nought avail.

SCENE II. *TATIUS. PROCULUS.*
HERSILIA.

HERSILIA to *TATIUS*.

Her. What! Does *Romulus* sacrifice without you?
Ah! Who'll defend him if he be betray'd?

Tat. Whence proceed these Terrors?

Her. Oh; I tremble
Perfidious Wretches think to sacrifice him
In Defiance of our Union: I am sure
They carry on their hellish Purposes:
Perhaps this very Moment.

Tat. What do I hear?

Her. Vouchsafe to trust your Secrets to my Faith:
You have none but what regard my Welfare.
Is it not *Proculus* that gave up *Rome*?
Is it not *Proculus* ———

Tat. Look not for me to name
The friendly Guardians of a great Design:
This Secret in my Breast is kept from thee.

Her. Well tho' I'm bound this Secret to respect,
Yet is the Faith of *Proculus* most doubtful.

Tat. As how?

Her. On most assured Notices
I know him chief of the Conspirators.

Pro. I, Sire!

Her. *Murena* aids him with his Pow'r;
And fifty Senators of their Intelligence,
Ev'n them that with the Prince are gone
Lend unto this Design their Murderous Arms.
Lately they call'd their Company together,
And fix'd this Day to murder *Romulus*.

Tat.

Tat. My Glory's more alarmed than thy Love.

Pro. Would you believe? ———

Her. If Time allow, fly to's Defence.

Tat. Thither I run. To Proculus.

Thou ———

Pro. To wipe away
Suspicion vile I follow you.

Her. Oh no,
Let him not go with you.

Tat. Stay Proculus [To the Guards]
You stop him there.

SCENE III. PROCULUS. HERSILIA. The GUARDS.

Pro. Ungrateful Prince, can'st offer me this Insult!

Her. In calling him ingrate, thou shewest thy Rage.
In vain my gen'rous Father to conceal
This horrid Crime attempted: Thou didst serve him
Against thy Sovereign: And one Crime
Begets another in a base degenerate Soul.
Disloyalty leads thee to Parricide.
'Tis Thou who of thy Prince hast sworn the Death,
But they are gone to save him: Thou shalt not
Enjoy the horrid Pleasure: Already
Thou art confus'd; Thou sufferest before-hand
The just Chastisement from his Vengeance due,
Nor can'st Thou look him in the Face.

Pro. Tremble thy self: Their Succour comes too late.

Her. What do I hear! He's dead!

Pro. No doubt He is;
And it is Time I should unveil my self;
Resolv'd on Death, my only Comfort is
In your Despair,

Her. And what! Thy Senators ———

Pro. In vain am I arrested: All of them,
At parting from me, answer'd for his Head.

All was concerted as my Fury chose ;
 All's executed as my Rage desires.
Tatius forbidding me to follow them ;
 T' avoid Suspicion I comply'd with Ease :
 But gave them strictest Orders above all,
 Swiftly to use the Time allow'd by our Discourse.
 I count the Moments ; *Romulus* is dead,
 Your Expectation's spoil'd, my Hate asswag'd.

Her. You Barbarous Wretch, then finish, stop at Nought :
 Come spill my Blood after you've pour'd out his.
 I th' Name of *Romulus* I ask thy Wrath.
 By murd'ring me prevent a Parent's Coming ;
 And let him have a Daughter to avenge
 Before he embrue his Hands in thy Heart's-Blood.

Pro. Justice full well you know to do your self,
 And though I Death despise, you punish me.
 Vainly I strive to stifle my Remorse,
 Too well he is aveng'd by your dear Love.
 And since 'tis so, *that* Love shall be your Pain.
That Love assassinate him more than my Hate.
 Your Mouth just now pronounc'd the bloody Doom,
 And but for you the Sentence had been slower.
 While that I thought your Hate to him sincere,
 To serve your Father I was well content :
 Indeed your Lover would have fall'n by me,
 But I'd been less impatient in my Rage :
 'Twas you that by one Word killing my Hope
 Precipitated th' Instant of Revenge.
 Enrag'd, I fix'd his Death unto this Day,
 Counting my Death for Nought when he had fall'n.
 Nor I the least repent : Save one Regret
 That my own Hand gave not the fatal Blow ;
 That he ne'er knew the Author of his Fate,
 Yes, cruel one, as Rival —

Her. I hear thee not.
 All I ador'd is far remov'd from Light.
 That charming Image fill'd my Soul entire.

Oh Heav'ns! The only Fruit of my deplorate Love
Is this, that Grief will end my wretched Days,

SCENE IV. PROCULUS. HERSILIA,
SABINA. GUARDS.

Sab. Oh! Madam, fear the last, the worst Disgrace.
Just now the High-Priest all enrag'd came forth;
And with loud Voice he, *Romans, Romans*, cry'd,
For th' Sake o'th' Gods, by their most holy Rites
Rouze and revenge their violated Altars:
With sacred Zeal he covers o'er his Wrath;
Proscribes both Kings: Then instantly I saw
His feigned Horrors catch the Populace,
And dart themselves like Lightning through their Souls.
I saw the *Roman* Women most of all
Fill'd with religious Fury join his Cry.
All arm themselves; and the unsteady Faith
Of our own *Sabines* in this Tumult may
Their King forsake: If *Tatius* appear
The popular Rage might —

Her. Nought more remain'd
Than to behold my aged Father perish!
Hold me, I sink.

PROCULUS to his GUARDS.

Pro. Oh! my generous *Sabines*
Let your Arm too assist our Destinies.
No more detain me: Come, let our Zeal
Forward that Independance we are call'd to.
Laws to receive, you sure were never born:
Let's suffer no more Masters; be all Kings.

Her. Villain, dost dare — But *Tatius* lives,
I see him.

Pro. Oh! just Heaven,

SCENE

SCENE V. TATIUS. PROCULUS.
HERSILIA. SABINA. The GUARDS.

Her. What! Is it Time
For me to die? Is *Romulus* dead? Have the Gods
Permitted it?

Tat. He'll soon be here: His Enemies are no more!

Pro. What Disappointment!

Her. What Success!

Tat. Driven by thy Alarms

I call'd our *Sabine* Senators to Arms:

I ran into the Wood. The Victim struck

Already at the Foot of th' Altar fell.

Impatient for the sacred Auspices

The King there sought propitious Entrails:

Then while he bow'd; their Ponyards from afar
Sudden glar'd horrible upon our Sight;

Concern'd, we rais'd a Crie, he rear'd his Head

And soon his God-like Valour still'd the Tempest.

And one of th' Assassins Swords he wrest's from's Hand,

And deals his well assured Blows around;

The greater Number fell before my Rage

Could help him to suppress this dire Attempt.

But soon I join him; and immediately

The Traitors fell beneath our wrathful Blows.

Accept, O *Mars*! he cry'd, these new Oblations;

And may like Punishment attend like Crimes.

Pro. Oh Desperation!

Her. What Fate succeeds my Griefs!

Tat. *Rome* still with new Misfortunes furnish'd us.

Open Revolt in entring of the Place,

And noisy Clamours soon foretold our Doom.

The Cries of Liberty reign'd in all Parts.

When *Romulus* beheld alive soon struck

Their Eyes with fore Surprize; then were they driv'n

Into Suspense between their Priests and us.

Behold,

Behold, said he, the Punishment of Traitors;
 Behold me drench'd in your Confederates Blood;
 If more remain, *Mars* puts them in my Hand.
 Then hurry'd on by the resistless Tide
 Of Bravery, he makes himself a Way
 Up to *Murena*, when th' affrighted Rout
 Of Rebels opens wide, and thinks it sees
 Rather a God than *Romulus*. The Priest
 Falls dead beneath his Monarch's wrathful Blows.
 Behold, says he, the Marks of heavenly Vengeance,
 Thus it decides between a Wretch and me.
 This being done; to silence their Alarm
 Mildness serene appears upon his Brow;
 All is forgot, only deserve your Pardon.
 Blest I shall think my self to find again
 In loyal People my Companions dear
 And valiant Friends, with whom I always warr'd.
 All of them at these Words throw down their Arms,
 Break into Shouts of Joy confus'd with Tears;
 And whilst in this most pleasing Interval
 He smiles or melts them by his kind Embraces,
 Charm'd with this great Success, my fond Impatience
 Hasten'd me hither to wipe off thy Tears.

SCENE VI. ROMULUS. TATIUS.
 PROCULUS. HERSILIA. SABINA.
 The GUARDS.

Rom. We triumph, Madame, and I come to offer you—

[*To Proculus, who stabs himself on seeing Romulus.*
 Heaven! What is't I see!

Pro. Thou liv'st, 'Tis mine to die.
 I would have seiz'd thy Princess and thy Throne.
 I'm frustrated. I avenge me on my self. I die.

Rom. Oh too perfidious Friend!

TO *HERSILIA*.

You, Madam, come,
 At th' Altar join your Gifts to those of God.
 We have no Need of other Sacrifices.
 The Traitors slain are Auspices enough,
 Come ———

Tat. Let us goe, my Child, and bless this Day,
 As friendly to my Honour as thy Love.

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